

Key Largo – 1948 (L'isola di corallo) – John Huston

Dialogue Transcript – Trascrizione dialoghi

-Hello, Eddie.

-Hello, Ben.

What gives?

We're looking for a couple
of Indians broke out of jail.

Young bucks in fancy shirts.
If you see anything of them,
phone my office at Palm Grove.

Those Indians must be from around here.
They always head for home.

Home being Key Largo.

Want something, Jack?

Mr. Temple around?

He ain't here. Hotel is closed.

When will he be back?

I don't know.

Have a beer?

-The bar is closed.

-That's right.

I told you, didn't I?
Hotel's closed.

In the summer,
everything's closed.

Give him a drink.

Give him a drink!

You heard me!
Give him a drink!

You said beer?

Thank you.

Think nothing of it.

Bargain Lass on the outside
is running very fast and very hard.

Come on, Lady Bountiful.

Come on, Lady Bountiful!

Come on!

How's that for picking them?
Can I pick them or can't I?

That's him.

I'll take it up.

If he wants you,
he'll send for you.

I like Fancy Free.

Carrying 118 pounds.

That's a lot of weight.
What do you think?

Fancy Free.

-You play the ponies?

-No.

-Why not?

-I haven't the money.

Angel, another beer
for the gentleman.

I play the long shots.

Betting on a favorite,
what do you win?

When a horse comes in for me,
he pays plenty.

Take Fancy Free:

"Morning Line, 12-1."

That's ridiculous.

He should be 4-1, even less.
Look at that breeding.

"By Chance Play, out of

Misconstrue by Omaha. "
He hasn't won in 11 starts, true.

But he's been twice on the money. . .
. . .and today he's running a \$3000
claiming race. Ought to be a cinch!

What's your name?

McCloud. Frank.
By John, out of Helen.

I'm Miss Dawn.

Miss Gaye Dawn.

You. He wants you.

Please excuse me.

Who's that?

-I don't know.
-What's he want?

Old man Temple.

Look, mister, if you're
thinking of putting up here. . .
. . .the hotel's closed.

-Won't be open for another month.
-Why are you here?

-We're guests.
-But you said--

We're here by special arrangement.

I don't plan to stay.
I just wanna see Mr. Temple.

Oh, well, why didn't you say so?

He's out by the boathouse.

Mr. Temple?

My name's McCloud.
Frank McCloud.

McCloud, huh?

Not Major McCloud?

Yes, sir.

Nora!
Nora! Nora!

Come here!
When did you get here?

A few minutes ago.
I'm on my way to Key West.

Did you come on the bus?
I saw it stop.

Hey, Nora!

Hurry up!

Come here!

Look who's here!

This is George's wife.

This is Major Frank McCloud.

How do you do?

Your husband and I were
in the same outfit overseas.

As if she didn't know.

I wrote you a letter, major,
to St. Louis.

It was sent on to Portland, St. Paul
and Memphis before it came back.

-Ever been down here before?

-No, sir.

George was right.

The Keys are different than
anything I've seen. And hotter.

Don't look for it to get
any cooler before November.

The thermometer will go
down to about 1 00.

The sand flies and mosquitoes
will disappear.

It'll be right livable for about
three months on the Keys.

Except for tourists.

-That Black Caesar's Rock?

-How'd you know?

For one who's never been here,
I know a lot about these Keys.

They were a favorite subject
with George.

He used to dig for pirate gold
right over there.

He never lost hope of finding
Blackbeard's own treasure.

He must've dug 1 0,000 holes.

-Ever find anything?

-Oh, sure.

Salt water, every time.

How long will you be with us?

-An hour or so.

-An hour?

You can spare more time than that.

We got a lot to talk about.

-I'll talk as long as you like.

-Then you'll stay overnight.

He can have George's room.

Yes, Dad.

-May I help you?

-If you will.

Afternoon, Mrs. Temple.

Mr. Temple.

Any news of the Osceola brothers?

Oh, I'm sorry, Ben.

I want you to meet my son's
commanding officer, Major McCloud.

-How do you do?
-Officer Ben Wade. Sawyer.

We'd like to have a look around.

You won't find those Indians,
because they ain't here.

Maybe they're in the
mangrove swamps. Maybe.

Or maybe if you wanna go wading,
you might find them.

But if I was you,
I'd save myself the trouble.

No doubt they'll give
themselves up before morning.

They sure enough ought to.
That's a fact, Mr. Temple.

The longer they stay at large,
the tougher it'll be on them.

Fool Indians. 30 days to do
and they bust out.

Thirty days in jail for an Indian. . .
. . . is like 30 years for somebody else.

Anyway, I'd like to have
a look around.

Clyde, if Mr. Temple says
they ain't here, they ain't.

His word's good enough for me.

Sorry to bother you.
Come on, Clyde.

Those two brothers and my boy, George,
grew up together.

There's no harm in them.

They just went to Palm Grove
and got a little snootful. . .
. . . and started to take Florida
back for the Indians.

Came mighty near succeeding too.

I sent word for them to

come in and give themselves up.

Not that I'm supposed to know where they are, you understand.

Major, I want you to meet Mr. . . .

-Bass.

-Garcia.

We've met.

My son's commanding officer overseas.

They were in the Italian campaign together.

From Salerno to Cassino.

My boy, George, was killed in Cassino.

What's going on here?

Nothing, Mr. Temple.

What's the matter with her?

-Nora? Nora!

-Yes, Father.

What ails that girl? She hurt?

Case of one too many, that's all.

Look here! If you people can't behave yourselves, you gotta leave.

What did you hit her for?

I'll let you in on something.
She's a lush.

After she bends the elbow a few times, she sees things:

Rats, roaches, snakes, bats, you know.

A sock in the kisser is the only thing that'll bring her out of it.

Your room's ready, major.

How long have they been here?

That one, Curly, and the woman
showed up first.

Dad Temple told them
we were closed. . .
. . .but he offered to rent
the whole hotel for a week.

It was so much money,
Dad couldn't turn it down.

Mr. Brown and the others arrived
in that boat four days ago.

Which one is Brown?

He's in number 1 1 .
Never comes out except at night.

What's he like?

He's a lady-killer,
or thinks so.

Rich, I guess. The others jump
when he lifts a finger.

Out of season in this heat.

Why would they decide
to sit down on Key Largo?

They'll be leaving here
tonight or tomorrow.

Major?

Were you with George when he died?

Was he in much pain?

He never knew what hit him.

I was afraid he might have suffered.

Come down to Dad's room
when you're ready.

Excuse me.

Staying the night, huh?

I'm Curly Hoff.

I heard how you were with
old man Temple's son in Italy.

The kid got it?

Too bad.

I hope you didn't take offense
how we handled you.

You caught Toots and me
at a bad time.

We were ready to bite
anybody's head off.

Especially a certain blond's.

Five of us come down here
for the deep-sea fishing.

All the way from Milwaukee.

More than a year, we'd been planning
to come here and fish our brains out.

So what happens?
One guy brings a blond.

And after we all swore
up and down, no dames!

But he's gotta bring her, this guy.

If she isn't drunk and crying,
she's got a hangover and arguing.

One minute she gets sore at you
and won't talk.

Next she's making a play for you
right in front of the guy!

And he gets sore at us,
mind you, not her.

Everything's spoiled,
including our dispositions.

It's cost us all this dough,
and for what?

The world's worst time.

I ask you, can you blame us

for getting rude?

-I don't blame you.

-How about a drink?

Not now, thanks.

Hotel Largo.

Just to show there's
no hard feelings.

No, thank you.

Thank you very much.

-Storm signals are up.

-What's that mean?

Hurricane's on its way.

See what I mean?

Hurricanes yet!

Dad's in here, major.

Sit down, major.

The war's over, Mr. Temple.

I'm not a major anymore.

I know the men that went don't
like talking about the war. . .
. . .and I don't like imposing on you.

But this letter here
from the War Department. . .
. . .is the only facts we have.

And it leaves us in the dark
about a few things.

I'll tell you everything I know.

Will you, Frank? Will you?

I'd be most grateful.

-Where shall I start?

-Anywhere.

He was a good soldier
from start to finish.

You'd have been proud.

Every man in his regiment was.

-Were they, Frank?

-With good reason.

It wasn't just a matter
of doing his duty.

He was always looking
for a way to do more.

And finding it.

George was a born hero.

He couldn't imagine his death.
Only dishonor.

No, of course not.

It's a wonder he lasted
till Cassino.

When you believe like George believed,
dying isn't very important.

Once, outside San Pietro,
George and a couple others. . .
. . .established an observation post.

They got a direct hit,
and the others were killed.

That left it up to George.

Three days and three nights
he stayed awake directing our fire.

Most of that time, I was on
the other end of the line.

To keep himself awake,
he talked into the phone.

Talked and talked.

Most of his talk
was about you two.

You'd be surprised how much
I know about you both.

For instance, inside your
wedding ring there's an inscription:

"Evermore. "

That's right.
And you, Mr. Temple.

Remember telling George what
this hollow is above the upper lip?
Before he was born,
you said. . .
. . .he knew all the secrets
of life and death.

And then at his birth, an angel
came and put his finger right here.

And sealed his lips.

I remember that.

He couldn't have been more
than 7 years old. . .
. . .when I told him that fairy story.

What's it like where he's buried?

Just crosses on a slope.

High up, there's
what's left of a church.

You can see a river
from where George is.

I'd like to pay a visit to that place.

Yep, I would.

Nora, maybe we'll do just that.

Go to Italy and see
where George is buried.

It belongs to us, don't it?
That plot of ground?

I'm very grateful to you, Frank.

Thank you.

There was a storm warning, Dad.

You better see to the boat.

What brought you here?

Thought I might make
my living on the sea.

-Doing what?
-Doesn't matter. Hand on a boat.

Life on land's become
too complicated for my taste.

What'd you do before the war?

I was circulation manager
for a newspaper.

-You never went back to it?
-I couldn't stick it.

I've done lots since the paper.

Driving taxis, waiting on tables.
Anything to make a dollar.

Including day labor.

Getting kind of rough.

Major, this is Mr. Feeney.

-Hi.
-How do you do?

How's your ground tackle
off the stern?

Plenty heavy.

Then we'd just better double up
on these bowlines.

Where'd you learn about boats?

My first sweetheart was a boat.

How do you like that boat?

Nice. She should be away from
those reefs with this blow coming.

That so?

Put that on that piling over there.

Charlie!

Charlie Wenoka and his family
from Crawfish Island.

The Wenokas are royalty.

Charlie's a Seminole prince.

His ancestors go back to the gods.

He sells seashells by the seashore.

Hello, Mama Ochobee.

Every Indian here is
a descendent of Mama Ochobee.

She admits to being 108 years old.
But she has a son who's 112.

We suspect Mama doesn't tell
the truth about her age.

Him new husband? No, Mama.
Not new husband.

You got cigarette?

Pretty big blow coming?

Indians always know.
Don't ask me how, but they do.

More will be along. They come to
us from as far as Matecumbe Key.

This one was born in our lobby
during the last big blow.

Hello, Tom.
Hello, John.

Tom and John are Osceola.

How do you do?

We get Mr. Temple message.
We hear give ourself up to police.

He thinks it's the best.

What Mr. Temple say, we do.

Him good friend to Indian.

Why don't you go to the hotel?
Dad'll call Palm Grove.

Thanks, Miss Nora.

Poor fellas got into some trouble

and were arrested.

I know.

Mr. Temple told me about them.

They really trust Dad Temple.

All the Indians.

As far as they're concerned,
he's the United States of America.

You're very happy here,
aren't you?

-Very.

-You're never lonely?

Did George tell you?

I met him at a USO dance.

He was lonesome.

He wanted company.

I was working at a defense plant.

I knew lots of people,
but I was lonesome too.

Before George, my life
hadn't made much sense.

I never had much of a home,
and I didn't like what I had.

George. . .

. . .gave me roots.

When he went overseas,

I came here to stay with his father. . .

. . .and the roots took hold.

Now I'm like one of those mangroves.

Our police always get their Indian.

Close the shutters
while I get the oil lamps.

Hey, pal.

Getting ready for the hurricane?

-Join me for that little drink now?

-No, thanks.

-Not a drinking man?

-Not right now.

Hey, Curly.

What all happens in a hurricane?

The wind blows so hard
the ocean gets up on its hind legs. . .
. . .and walks right across the land.

And singing a song:

Rain, rain go away
Little Ralphie wants to play

Isn't that Ben Wade's car?

Nora! Have you seen him?

No, Dad. I haven't.

They're snooping around looking
for these two boys, and here they are.

Better go out there and sit
in his car and wait for him.

Better yet, go and find him.

What's so funny, Toots?

There are two cons in a cell.

One tries to sell the other
a fountain pen.

And he says,
"This pen is guaranteed for life. "

Don't you get it?

A con.

Guaranteed for life.

We get it, all right.

Have you seen Wade or Sawyer
anywhere around, Frank?

No, I haven't.

-His car's out there in the rain.

-Yes, I know.

It's funny.

How about a drink, everybody?
What'll it be, Miss Temple?

Nothing, thanks.

How about you, Pop?

He's not supposed to drink anything.

That leaves it up to you, pal.

Another time.

Don't you like me?

I'm beginning to think
I got smallpox or something.

Still laughing at that
stinking joke?

Here's another one.

Elevator's busting through a roof.

The elevator boy says
to a couple passengers:

"I told you there was
no 11 th floor. "

Explain it for us, Toots.

Wise guy.

What's the idea of them?

They shut the electricity off,
we still have light.

I hear a hurricane blows off roofs
and puts the snatch on people.

And they all fly around
in the sky together. Is that right?

Absolutely.

It's raining in on Ben's car.
Better close the windows, Nora.

Ralph, go put up the windows
in that car.

And get caught out in that hurricane?
Not me, brother.

I'll take it.

Don't you answer it.

No, Mr. Temple's not here now.

No, she's not here either.

Me?

I'm a guest at the hotel.

No, we haven't seen him.

Give me that phone!

Yes. If Sawyer shows up,
I'll have him call you right back.

Easy does it, soldier.

The phone rang, and the girl
started for it and I stopped her.

The soldier wants to get rough,
so we show him our rods.

I'm glad the old man's in a wheelchair.
He'd be lots of trouble.

-Who was on the phone?

-The law.

That means he won't be long.

Then what?

We'll see.

You'd think this rain would
cool things off, but it don't.

-Gonna have a hurricane?

-So they say.

I'm not afraid of that gun!

Go ahead! Shoot!

You haven't got the nerve.

Brown!

Hey, you! Brown!

Are you thieves?
You want money? Is this a robbery?

That's right.
We'll steal all your towels.

That big gun in your hand
makes you look grown-up, you think!

I'll bet you spend hours posing
in front of a mirror holding it.

Trying to look tough!

-Shut up.
-You scum!

-Tell him to stop calling me names.
-Shut up, Toots.

Now listen.

I don't want any trouble.

With you. With anybody.
How about it, gonna act sensible?

Why are they pointing guns?

Forget the questions.

What you don't know won't hurt you.

We'll be out of here
in a couple of hours.

Try to put up with us that long.

What'll we eat tonight?

Pompano, maybe?

Am I to understand
we're your prisoners?

Well, put it this way, Pop. . .
. . .you're gonna be my guests
for a little while.

Back in Chi, in the old days, we'd pay
\$ 10 for an order of pompano.

They used to fly it in.
The way they served it. . .
. . .done up in a brown paper bag. . . .

Got any champagne?

No champagne.

Well, that's too bad.

Champagne and pompano.

They really go together.

This one's coming around.

Still feel tough?

You won't get away
with it, Rocco.

Why'd you hurt him?

He's a cop, that's why.

Well, who are you?

Why are you here?

-Answer me!

-Stop hollering, old man.

Johnny Rocco, of course.

Hot water.

Get some.

Yeah, that's right.

Johnny Rocco.

-I know that name.

-Sure, who doesn't?

Johnny Rocco the gangster,
Mr. Temple.

The one and only Rocco.

Rocco. Rocco?

What's that, Pop?
I'm kind of deaf.

Rocco!

He said, "Rocco. "

But they threw you

out of the country.

Yeah, that's right.

After living in the U.S.A.
for more than 30 years. . .

. . .they called me
an undesirable alien.

Me, Johnny Rocco!

Like I was a dirty Red or something!

Then how could you be here?

Well, maybe I'm not, Pop.

This ain't real.
You're having a dream.

Wake up. You're snoring.

You're right!

You shouldn't have been deported.

You should've been exterminated!

I apologize for Mr. Temple. He
doesn't know what he's talking about.

Rocco was more than a king.
He was an emperor.

His rule extended over beer,
slot machines, the numbers racket. . .
. . .and other forbidden enterprises.

He was a master of the fix.

Whom he couldn't corrupt,
he terrified or murdered.

You filth! You city filth!

Mr. Temple, you're
hopelessly old-fashioned.

Your ideas date back years
to the time when America thought. . .
. . .it could get along
without the Johnny Roccas.

Welcome back.
It was all a mistake.

America's sorry for what
it did to you.

On the level, boss,
were you that big?

On the level,
are you that dumb?

Yeah, that's me.

Sure, I was all of those things.

And more!

When Rocco talked,
everybody listened!

What Rocco said, went!

Nobody was as big as Rocco!

It'll be like that again,
only more so!

I'll be back up there one day.
Then you'll really see something!

If the time ever comes
when your kind. . .
. . .can walk a city street
in daylight. . .
. . .with nothing to fear
from the people--

The time has come, Mr. Temple.
It's here.

You know all about me.

Now, what's with you, wise guy?

Well, give.

In the war, weren't you?

-Get any medals?

-A couple.

-Brave?

-Not very.

-Why'd you stick your neck out?

-No good reason.

What are you saying?

I believed some words.

Words? What words?

Well, they went like this:

"But we aren't making all this
sacrifice of human effort and lives. . .
. . .to return to the kind of a world
we had after the last world war.

We're fighting to cleanse
the world of ancient evils.

Ancient ills. "

What's that about?

I remember those words.

That makes two of us.

We rid ourselves of your kind
once and for all!

You ain't coming back!

Who's gonna stop me, old man?

If I wasn't a cripple--

You wouldn't be talking this way.
Right, Pop?

Filth! You filth!

Get him, will you!

-Sic him, Pop!

-Stand your ground!

You're killing me, Pop!

Come on, Pop!
You're not quitting, are you?

My boy, George, never quit,
and I ain't quitting!

That's the spirit, Pop!
Never say die!

You little wildcat!

Smelled blood, huh?

Got your appetite up, huh?

Hey, boss.

Miami wants you on the phone.

The people on the porch
look like Indians.

-What do they want?

-They want in.

-What for?

-The hurricane.

Keep them out.

Yeah, this is Mr. Brown.

Hello, Ziggy! How are you?

I recognized your voice.

Well, swell hearing it again.

How's every little thing?

-Maybe it's the law.

-Show him in.

That's swell.

This end too.

Look, when are you coming down?

What hurricane? That right?

-I want to see the boss.

-It's the skipper!

Mr. Temple, please!

You're only two hours away.
You can beat the hurricane out.

No, it's gotta be tonight.

Yeah, see you in a couple of hours.

Bye.

Storm warning. Big blow on the way.

-So what?

-This coral reef not safe.

Got to make for deep water
right away.

That boat stays here.

Too dangerous. Boat break up on reef.

I tell you when to move that boat.

I am skipper.

Now, look.

I paid you.

-You do what I say.

-Please, señor.

You want half money back? I give.

But got to move boat.

Give me your rod.

See this?

You move that boat,
I'll blow your brains out.

We'll be out of here in two hours.
I'll be ready.

Go out and move that car
around the back.

I come back here looking
for those Osceola boys.

I knew they were somewhere around here.

Down the lobby,
I ran up against these two.

They didn't look right to me,
so I asked them a few questions.

By the way they answered,
there was something fishy.

So I put in a call to Ben Wade,
but the lights went out on me.

I woke up in there.

Rocco was standing over me.

I recognized him right away
from pictures.

I made a break for the door,
and the lights went out again.

I'm the electrician.

Angel.

Shave.

What did Miami have to say?

Everything's okay.

How soon will they be down?

They were leaving right away.

How're you feeling, copper?

I'll say one thing,
you sure can take it.

By the way Toots poured it on,
I'm surprised you ever woke up.

Boy, sure is hot.

Not too close.

So I won't get away with it, huh?

How many times I heard that
from dumb coppers.

I still say it.

You'd give your left eye
to nail me, wouldn't you?

You can see the headlines, can't you?

"Local Deputy Captures Johnny Rocco."

Your picture would be
in all the papers.

You might even get to tell on
the newsreel how you pulled it off.

Well, listen, hick.

I was too much for any big-city
police force to handle.

They tried, but they couldn't.

Took the U.S. government
to pin a rap on me.

Yeah, and they won't make it stick!

You hick!

I'll be getting guys elected
mayor and governor. . .
. . .before you ever get a \$ 10 raise!

How many of those guys in office
owe everything to me?

I made them.

I made them, just like a tailor
makes a suit of clothes.

I take a nobody, teach him what to say,
get his name in the papers.

I pay for his campaign expenses.

Dish out a lot of groceries and coal.

Get my boys to bring the voters out.

Then count the votes again. . .

. . .till they added up right,
and he was elected.

Then what happened?

Did he remember
when the going got tough?

When the heat was on?

No, he didn't want to.

All he wanted was
to save his own dirty neck.

That's enough of that.
Give me a towel, will you?

"Public Enemy," he calls me!

Me, who gave him his public
all wrapped up with a fancy bow on it!

Angel, lay my clothes out.

-What suit?

-The gray one.

-What color shirt?

-A white one, of course.

Some little wildcat.

I knew one like you a long time ago.

Scratched, kicked, bit.

Regular hellion.

She even stuck a knife in me once.

Irish kid.

Little and kind of skinny she was. . .
. . .but a real fireball.

Her name was Maggie Mooney.

But for professional reasons,
I had to change it to Gaye Dawn.

She was a knockout in those days.

Why, you--

Go ahead, boss, smack her.
Get it out of your system.

Look at him. The great Johnny Rocco.

With Nora's spittle
hanging from his face!

Shut up, old man!

Come over here.
I'd like to spit on you.

Give me!

Give me!

Nothing to stop me from
wiping you all out!

What good'll that do?
Her kind's a dime a dozen.

Smack her and let it go at that.

That'd be right for you,
not for him.

I didn't ask for your advice!

The Roccas don't, or they
wouldn't be Roccas.

No, smacking her isn't enough.
He'd have to kill her.

Then he'd have to kill
those who witnessed it.

Not just Mr. Temple and me,
but all the witnesses.

It's all or nothing.

He needs you and Curly and Angel.

So it'll be nothing.

Wise guy.

Unlock this door!

Unlock this door! I want out!

Let her out.

I take off my hat to you, soldier.

It's good you said what you said,
or he'd have started shooting.

Close shave for you folks.
Closer than the one he got from Angel.

Where is everybody? Downstairs?

Hello, everybody.

Hi, fella.

Where's Johnny?

He's in there getting dressed.

I need a drink.

What's everybody doing upstairs?

Honey?

Have you been crying?

Why? Has somebody been
mean to you?

Did you make her cry?
If you did, you ought to be ashamed!

-How about a little drink?

-No, thanks.

Oh, come on.
It'll chase the blues away.

-I'll have one.
-The boss said--

I don't care what the boss said.
I need a drink.

-Good evening, Mr. Temple.
-Miss.

You got a cigarette?

Did your horse win?

My horse?

No, I'm afraid he
ran out of the money.

I'm sorry.

I think I'll go to my room.

I feel faint.

What I need is a drink.

That's what I need.

Say, how about it?

How many times do I
have to tell--?

The boss say no more drink.

Oh, he did, did he?

Well, this is a free country.

If I want a drink, I can have one.

I can buy my own. There!

Sorry.

-The boss say--

-The boss! The boss! He can go to--

Hello, darling.

How come it's hotter at night
than in the day?

And when it's raining
than when it ain't?

Huh, wise guy?

I don't know.

You don't know.

I thought you knew
all the answers.

I thought you was a wise guy
from way back.

Darling, you've hurt yourself!

Your face! How in the world--?

-What's funny?

-Nothing.

Why'd you laugh?

I don't know.

Dumbbell.

What's worse, Curly?

A dumbbell or a wise guy?

A wise guy, I guess.

Got a million dollars?

-How much?

-Nothing.

But you're a wise guy.

You see, I was educated
only in impractical things.

With you, it's the opposite.

I'm afraid. I hate thunder.

Is this it? Is it?

-It's the beginning.

-I'm afraid!

Can cars get through
during a hurricane?

Maybe. Maybe not.

I think I'll have. . .
. . . a scotch and water, please.

-Please, darling!

-No!

What you were saying is true.

Only you don't believe it.
I see through you.

You think,
"I'm better than Rocco.

He's filth! "
Like the old man said. Right?

Right!

"He has a gun," you think,
"I haven't. "

You figure it's the gun.

Well, listen, soldier. . .
. . . thousands of guys got guns,
but there's only one Johnny Rocco!

How do you account for it?

He knows what he wants.

-Don't you, Rocco?

-Sure!

What's that?

Tell him, Rocco.

Well, I want. . . .

He wants more. Don't you, Rocco?

That's it! More.

That's right, I want more!

Will you ever get enough?

Will you, Rocco?

Well, I never have.

No, I guess I won't.

Do you know what you want?

Yes, and I had hopes once,
but I gave them up.

Hopes for what?

A world in which there's
no place for Johnny Rocco.

Okay, soldier.

Here's your chance.

Give me!

Okay, soldier, you can make
your hopes come true.

But you gotta die for it.

See where I'm aiming?
At your belly.

Go ahead, shoot.

-Get away, sister.

-Get away.

Shoot!

All right, you got a gun now.
You gonna use it or not?

Kill him, major!

Yeah, kill him, major!

Show them how you're

not afraid to die.

Shoot!

Looks like you don't
want it enough.

He laughs when something's
funny for a change.

One Rocco more or less
isn't worth dying for.

Give me that gun.

No, I'm afraid you'd use it.

One old man more or less
isn't worth dying for.

What's the matter, sister?

You look like you
lost somebody near and dear.

A live war hero.

Now I know how you did it.

Curly, Gaye, anybody!

Want a hero?

Here's one for sale, cheap!

All right, Rocco.

All right!

Let's you and me play
that game now!

You can stop me
from going out that door.

But you gotta die first.

If he shoots me,
you still get it.

Get out of my way.

Get away from that door!

The gun wasn't loaded.

He didn't have a chance.

Murderer.

Had to do it, old man.

Or he would've been
out that door and gone.

He's gone now.

That's right, sister.
The gun wasn't loaded.

But our hero didn't know it.

You knew the gun was empty,
didn't you, son?

You could tell by the weight.

No, sir. I didn't know.

He just didn't have
the nerve.

Let's face it.

You were smart, fella.

What happened to him
would've happened to you.

It's better to be a live coward
than a dead hero.

Excuse me.

You weren't afraid.
We all know that.

Oh, yes, I was afraid.

But that's not why
I didn't shoot.

What do I care whether
Johnny Rocco lives or dies?

I only care about me!
Me and mine!

Rocco wants to come back to America,
let him! Let him be President!

I fight nobody's battles but my own.

I can't see it your way, Frank.

Sawyer didn't either.

He was a fool!

Me, die to rid the world
of a Johnny Rocco?!

No, thanks!

If I believed your way. . .
. . .I'd want to be dead too.

It's true.

You are a coward.

What you're saying now
is only to save face!

Now, Nora. . .

. . .maybe Frank's right.

Maybe he's right.

What's the idea, Ziggy?
Why ain't you started yet?

So what?

What's the matter, you guys?
Didn't I take chances?

I make the run from Cuba, risk my
neck, my boat and the shipment. . .

. . .and you won't come out
in the rain?

Listen to me. Either you show
tonight or the deal is off.

I know a dozen guys who'd break
their necks to get this shipment.

Look, my watch says. . .

. . .8:00.

I give you two hours.
You ain't here by 10, the deal is off.

Hello!

Downstairs, everybody.

Didn't I say no drinking?

Please, honey. Just one?

Bring down the shipment.

In there.

Mr. Temple! Mr. Temple!

Wait.

Is that someone calling?

Indians were at the door.
I sent them away.

You'd no right!

Listen to it.

The upstairs shutters gotta be closed,
or the roof might come off.

Go close them.

One thing I can't stand
is a dame that's drunk.

What I mean, they turn my stomach.

No good to themselves
or anybody else.

She got the shakes, see?

So she has a drink to get rid of them.
Then she has another.

First thing you know,
she's stinko again.

You gave me my first drink.

Oh, so it's all my fault now?

Everybody has their first drink,
but everybody ain't a lush!

If I'd known you'd act this way,
I wouldn't have come here.

If I'd known what you're like,
you wouldn't have been asked.

Eight years since I seen her.

You wouldn't know it's
the same dame.

You certainly haven't changed one bit.

Meaning what?

Nothing.

Gee, you're as mean as can be.

Mean as can be.
Now what does that remind me of?

Don't you remember?

That was in a song.
She used to sing it.

Yeah, that's right!

I gave her her first chance,
made her a singer.

Mention that. Why ain't you
a singing star instead of a lush?

Johnny, I didn't mean anything.
Yeah, she could've had a future.

She had everything.

Voice.

Looks.

Plenty of class.

I was the rage.

Gee, honey.

Now, look, Gaye. . .
. . . why don't you give us your
old song?

You mean, right now?

-I can't.

-Sure you can!

Please don't make me.

I won't make you do anything.

I got a proposition for you.

Sing a song,
you can have a drink.

Can I have the drink first?

No! The song.

Then the drink.

Without any accompaniment?

Now, look, do you want a drink
or don't you?

All right.

Well?

My gowns were gorgeous.

Always low-cut.

Very décolleté.

I wore hardly any makeup.

Just some lipstick, that's all.

No lights, just a baby spot.

I wouldn't have any entrance.
They'd play the intro in the dark. . .

. . .and a spot would come on. . .

. . .and there I'd be.

Go ahead! Sing!

My sweet man, I love him so

Though he's mean as can be

He's the kind of man

Needs the kind of woman

Like me

Gonna die

If sweet man should pass me by

If I die, where will he be?

He's the kind of man

Needs the kind of woman

Like me

Don 't know any reason

Why he treats me so poorly

What have I gone and done?

Makes my trouble double
With his worries

When surely

I ain 't deserving of none

Moaning low

My sweet man is gonna go

When he goes, oh, Lordy
He's the kind of man

Needs the kind of woman

Like me

Give me that drink now.

-But you promised!
-So what?

-You said that--
-But you were rotten.

Thanks, fella.

You're welcome.

Play a little gin?

-For how much?
-Name it.

Nickel a point.

Hey, old man.

How bad can it get?

I asked you a question!
Did you hear me?

Worst storm we ever had
was back in '35.

Wind whipped up a big wave
and sent it busting. . .
. . .right over Matecumbe Key.

Eight hundred people
were washed out to sea.

How far away was that
from here?

A few miles.

Listen to it.

Sorry about the things
I said upstairs.

They aren't true.
Will you forgive me?

Of course.

He might've killed you,
but you had to help her.

Your head said one way,
but your whole life said another.

The other things, maybe they're true.

But a cause isn't lost if
someone's willing to fight.

I'm not that someone.

But you are.

You may not want to be,
but you can't help yourself.

Your whole life's against you.

What do you know about my life?

A whole lot.

From the way you look and talk,

and from things George wrote me.

Most of his last letter was
all about you and him on the phone.

Only he had it the other way.
You were the one on the hill.

What's the matter?

Nothing.

Why's everybody so quiet?
Talk, why don't you?

Curly, say something!

-What do you want me to say?
-Anything, just so it's talk.

-Go ahead!
-I'm trying to think.

I bet you two or three years,
we get Prohibition back.

This time we make it stick.

I bet you two or three years,
Prohibition comes back.

Absolutely, yeah.

The trouble was, before,
too many guys wanted to be top dog.

That was the trouble.

One mob gets to
massacring another.

The papers play it up big.
Big, see?

-So what happens?
-So what?

The papers play it up big,
and the public. . .
. . . gets the idea that
Prohibition's no good.

That if they can get rid of it. . . .

-Prohibition, I mean--
-I don't believe it.

Eight hundred guys washed out to sea.
You're a liar!

Nobody would live here
after that!

-Would they?
-I remember reading it in the papers.

A relief train was
dispatched from Miami.

The barometer was down
to about 26 inches. . .
. . .when that train
pulled into Homestead.

Engineer backed his string of empty
coaches into the danger zone. . .
. . .and the hurricane hit.

Knocked those coaches
right off the track.

Two hundred miles an hour,
that wind blew.

A tidal wave 12 feet high
went right across the Key.

Whole towns were wiped out.

Miles and miles of track
were ripped up. . .
. . .and washed away.
Nothing was left.

More than 500 bodies were
recovered after the storm.

And for months afterwards. . .
. . .corpses were found
in the mangrove swamps.

You don't like it, do you?
The storm?

Show it your gun, why don't you?

If it doesn't stop, shoot it.

So the public votes out Prohibition.

And that's the end of the mobs.

Next time, it'll be different.

We learned our lesson, all right.

Next time, the mobs'll get together.

Make the big wave.

Send it crashing down on us.

Destroy us all, if need be.
But punish him.

Shut up, old man!
I'm warning you!

Hear me. Hear me!

I'll kill you!

Make a big wave.

Send it against us.
Take us all.

But destroy him.

Mr. Temple!

Mr. Temple!

The storm's passing.

A torn shutter or two,
some trash on the beach. . . .

In a few hours, there'll be little
to remind you of what happened.

Will we ever see you again?

The storm.

It's passing.

-Will we?
-I hope so.

Why don't you stay here with us?

You're most welcome.

Go on, tell him.

If he decides to stay here with us,

we'd be most happy.

Go on, tell Frank.

Have you any folks?

I'd be proud to have you
regard us as your family.

Maybe that isn't what Frank wants.

I don't mean to set onto you.

Think it over.
Don't give your answer right away.

Hey, boss! Hey, boss!

-What's the matter?
-The boat's gone!

He did it.

I told him I'd kill him.
He did it just the same.

Maybe he'll come back.
The storm's over.

Why not?

He believed I'd kill him.

What'll we do?

-We can't stay here!
-Can we?

Hey, boss?

Your mistake, sister.

-We're not in any trouble.
-Got something?

There's another boat out there.
It ain't much, but it'll get us to Cuba.

Who's going to run it?

Him.

Mr. Temple!
You not good man!

You not let nobody in!

That's no good!

Tom Osceola.

-Tom! Tom--

-Shut up!

You leave women and baby out in storm?

That no good!

You no more friend.

We no do like you say anymore!

No go Ben Wade!

You no good friend to Indian!

You told me you sent them away.

You lied to me. They were outside
my door during the whole storm.

-So what?

-They might've died out there.

And who cares?

You filth.

What he said, you can run a boat.

That's a fact?

His first sweetheart was a boat.

You're taking us to Cuba.

-Why should I?

-You know what'll happen if you don't.

I won't take you.

You'd rather die than take us?

I didn't say that.

You won't kill me.

I'm your only chance of getting away.

There's other ways of getting
at you. Right, Toots?

Right.

-Maybe I'm up to them.

-You wouldn't be.

After a few minutes of Toots,

you'll begin to ask questions like:

"What if I come out of this
a cripple?"

And "Do I care whether they make
their getaway or don't?"

All your answers
would be right ones.

-I'm not so sure.

-I am.

Of course, if you're anxious
to find out. . .
. . . just how good you are at taking it,
we'll accommodate you.

But I warn you. . .

. . . Toots hasn't had much practice.

Kind of rusty.
Might slip.

And that would be too bad.

Because you made real sense
upstairs when you said. . .

. . . one Rocco more or less
ain't worth dying for.

Ziggy!

The law!

One wrong word out of anybody
and he gets it. . .

. . . the same as Sawyer did.

Understand me, old man?

Now, you, sister, let him in.

Good evening.

I'm looking for Sawyer.

Is he here?

Has he been here?

That's funny. He put a call
into me from here about 7:00.

Did he?

Good evening.

Folks.

Pretty good blow.

Did some damage, I see.

Power lines are down
in a couple of places.

-How's the road?

-Passable.

I'm trying to locate Sawyer.

Seen him, anybody?

Have you seen Sawyer?

He was here. I know
because he called me from here.

About 7:00.

I called back
a few minutes later.

Somebody answered.
Was it one of you?

I did.

Oh, you?

I came down from upstairs
when you called.

Nobody was around,
so I answered.

Probably he stopped in to call.

Then he went on and got caught
in the storm.

He's stalled along the road
right now, probably.

He ain't between here
and Palm Grove.

And he wouldn't have called me
unless it was special.

Seen the Osceola brothers?

Have you?

I figured that was what it was about.
His call, I mean.

The Osceola brothers.

Couple of Indians busted out of jail,
and we're looking for them.

I'll take a run down Matecumbe Way.

If Sawyer shows up, tell him
to wait. I'll be back.

See you later.

First visit to the Keys, Mr. . . ?

Brown.

Late in the season for a storm.
They usually hit early summer.

-Is that so?
-Been doing any fishing?

There's no better fishing
than on the Keys.

See you later.

It's him!

Sawyer!

He's murdered!

I didn't wanna say anything.
It's not my business.

But those Indians you were
talking about, they were here.

The Osceolas?

They were here during the storm.
They left a couple of minutes ago.

Stop!

Stop or I'll shoot!

Watch yourselves.
Stay in line.

He's dead!

Your Indians murdered Sawyer!

You lied to me.

You said you hadn't
seen the Osceolas. You lied.

Sawyer was here. He called
because he'd found the Osceolas.

They tried to hide it
by sinking his body. . .
. . .but the storm tore his body loose
and threw it up!

Right at your door!

And that's where the crime belongs,
at your door.

You probably knew they killed Sawyer.
I wouldn't put it past you!

And I'm gonna lay charges
naming you as accessory.

What was the shooting?

The Osceolas tried to get away.

I killed them both.

Brown, what's your first name?

Howard.

Address?

Hotel Central, Milwaukee.

-How long you gonna be here?

-A week.

Haven't I seen you
someplace before?

I don't think so.

You.

Hoff. Richard.

Hotel Central, Milwaukee.

We're all together.

Your full name.

Frank McCloud.
No address.

What are you doing here?

Passing through.

You.

Bass. Edward Bass.
Hotel Central, Milwaukee.

We're all together.

How far to Key West?

How far to Key West?

About 100 miles.

Some hurricane.

Thought it would blow us
right out into the ocean.

Had to pull up on the road for
a couple of hours till it blew over.

That's some hurricane.

I'll be back in the morning.

Can we get something to eat?

Can we?

In there, everybody.

Hi, Ziggy!

Johnny-boy! How are you?

What do you know?

You're a sight for sore eyes!

Come on in.

Hey, boys!

Ziggy!

It's sure great
to see you again, pal.

Well, it sure is swell.

You put on a little weight.

Now wait a minute.

-Look who's talking!
-Oh, look out!

Say, guess who's here.

Who?

Gaye, where are you?

Gaye Dawn!
Don't tell me!

Well, I'll be--

Say, she's as pretty as ever.

Where you been all the time
Johnny was away?

Around.

If I'd have known that, I'd have
tried to beat Johnny's time.

Same old Ziggy!

All right, baby.

I know you fellas
are in a hurry, huh?

Lou!

Paper has a good feel.

Lathe work's okay.

Portrait's good.
No breaks in the lines.

Serial numbers check out?

Yeah, naturally.

Back color's okay.

High-class merchandise.

Hey, fella, what are you gonna do?

Don't go with them.

They'd wait till you get them
to Cuba, then kill you.

You'd never walk off that boat.

She's right. Tell them you'll go,
or they'll hurt you.

Then when you get outside, run.
Try to get away.

It's your only chance, fella.

Frank, what are you thinking?

You were right.

Your head says one thing. . .

. . .and your whole life says another.

Your head always loses.

Out there in the dark,
make a break for it.

Run, fella!

Yeah, that's what my head says.

You gonna make a fight of it?

I've got to.

Not that one Rocco more or less makes
any difference in this world.

What I said upstairs still goes.

I haven't changed my tune.

It's just that. . .

. . .I've got to.

Well, if you're a fighter,
you can't walk away from a fight.

That's the answer, I guess.

Here you are, Curly.

Well, Johnny, pal. . .
. . .when are you coming back again?

It won't be long now.

With you back again,
it'll be like old times.

You know something?

I bet inside of two years
we have Prohibition back again.

Only this time, it'll be different.
The mobs will be together.

-No more blasting each other!
-You said it!

So long, Johnny.

So long, Ziggy.

See you when!

Let's get started.

Bring everything down.
The soldier's stuff too.

Soldier?

Give Ralph a hand.

Coming with us?

Yes or no? I'm in a hurry.

Toots, go to work on him.

You win.

I thought you'd change your mind.

What's the damage, old man?

That ought to take care of it.

Want to come along, sister?

Okay, boys.

Give me.

Where are my things?

I forgot to tell you.
You're not coming.

On this, you can
stay drunk for a month.

-Please take me with you.
-Get away!

You got to, Johnny.
You got to! Please!

I'll stop drinking.
I'll do anything.

Please! I love you!
I need you!

I'll kill myself!

Johnny, please! Please!

I'll be good to you,
like I was before.

I won't let you go without me!
You've got to take me with you!

Come on, soldier!

Get going, soldier.

Good luck, son!

Yeah. Good luck.

Why doesn't he run?

Run, fella, run!

Why doesn't he run?

Will you cast off that bowline?

Stand by that stern line.

Okay, let her go.

That was his only chance.

He didn't take it.

He should've run.

The lines are dead.

How we doing?

We're right on course.

Well, keep us that way.

How you feeling, Toots?

I feel awful.

Why don't you go downstairs?

It's too hot down there.

What time is it?

A little after 4.

We're not halfway there yet.

-Johnny's sleeping?

-Yeah.

Dog, Unit, Man, Roger.

Numeral 0-2-2-4...

... 0-0-Z.

Man, Roger, X-ray, George.

Group numerals 4-5.

Missing fishing boat...

. . .Santana is being taken to Cuba.

X-ray. Sea search of area B
immediately. X-ray.

Is us they are talking about
on the radio?

Let them.

In a fog like this,
they couldn't find the Queen Mary.

Hey, Curly!

What time is it?

A little after 4.

Say, Johnny.

I've been thinking.

-About Gaye.

-What about her?

Do you think it was such a good idea
not to bring her?

She's pretty sore.

So she's sore.

Yeah, but she might squeal.

Just for spite.

On Ziggy, I mean.

Well?

I get it.

There's only one Johnny.

Hey, you!

Look over the stern.

See if we picked up any kelp.

I feel awful.

Toots! Help!

What's the matter?

My gun. It's gone!

Gaye!

Toots!

Ralph!

Soldier!

Hey there, soldier!

Angel, you go up.

Go on! Do you hear me?

I get killed.

You gonna go up there?
Are you?

There's nothing to be afraid of.
Toots killed him.

Then you go, John--

Soldier!

Listen to me.

Angel and Curly are dead.

There's just me and you.

We'll be partners.
Everything will be 50-50.

What do you say?

Can you hear me?

What do you say? Is it a deal?

I know what you're thinking.

You'll get rid of me and take all
the money, is that it?

Is it?

Answer me!

I'll tell you what.

Suppose I say the money is yours.

Here, look!

It's yours.

All yours, soldier!

Plenty more when we get to Cuba.

Okay, soldier?

You hear me?

I'll make you rich!

Soldier!

You're not big enough
to do this to Rocco. I'll kill you!

You'll never bring me in.
Never!

Look, soldier, I know what it is.

You figure I got a gun,
so you can't trust me.

Right?

Look!

See?

I'm leveling with you.

Okay, soldier?

I'm coming out.

Okay, soldier?

I got no gun. . .

. . .and I'm coming out.

Soldier!

Mayday. Mayday.

Calling Nan, Mike, Abel.

Calling Nan, Mike, Abel.

This is Abel, Sugar, Abel, Nan.

Calling Nan, Mike, Abel.

Come in, please.

This is Nan, Mike, Abel.
Go ahead.

This is Abel, Sugar, Abel, Nan.

The Santana.

My name is Frank McCloud.

I'm about 1 2 miles off
Boot Key Harbor, on my way in.

Over.

Are you all right?

Are you all right? Over.

Yes, but I need medical attention.
Over.

Continue on course.

Stand by on this frequency.

I'm standing by.

Will you put me through to. . .
. . .the Largo Hotel?

Stand by.

State police picked up Ziggy and
his men crossing into Georgia.

You'll have to go up
and identify him, miss.

Mr. Temple, I'm mighty grateful to you
for saving my life and all. . .

. . .but those two boys, the Osceolas. . . .

I'd rather been killed than have
innocent blood on my hands.

I'm the one to blame.

If they hadn't trusted me,
they wouldn't have come here. . .
. . .and they'd still be alive.

We can't do anything but harm
to those people. . .
. . .even when we go to help them.

No, Mr. Temple, it wasn't you.

It wasn't the law or anybody.

It was only Johnny Rocco.

Nobody in the whole world is safe
as long as he's alive.

We better go, miss.

Hotel Largo.

Frank!

Oh, thank God!

He's all right, Dad.
He's coming back to us.